

# LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

VOL I.]

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AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

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## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

IN A CASE OF MURDER.

(From Mrs. Opie's New Tales.)

One of the waiters, whose name was Everett, was a man who had once belonged to a gang of house-breakers and thieves, but struck with temporary remorse during a violent illness, had left his wicked courses; and after trying different employments, had been so fortunate as to get the place of waiter at an inn; and there he might perhaps have become a more respectable character, had he not formed a connection, with a very abandoned woman, whom he married, and who now, on pretence of her being ill, and wanting his assistance, had insisted on his leaving his place and coming to her, with a view of his joining a gang of smugglers, with whom she was intimate, and going with them immediately on a cruise on board their cutter, which she thought would be good for her health.

Accordingly he had given warning to his master, and he was to set off the next day for the place where his wife expected him. But well knowing he should be more welcome to her, if he brought money with him, and also being aware that he could get on board ship immediately, he resolved to make prize of part, if not all, of that gold which Bradford had so ostentatiously displayed; and he thought he could do this with more security, because Bradford having already accused Hen-

ry of having robbed him, his suspicions would undoubtedly fall on him; and he could, if Henry was sound asleep (as he expected him to be,) put some of the money and coins in his pocket.

Accordingly he entered the room, and found Henry unconscious, as if in the sleep of death. On Henry's table lay a small diamond pin, the gift of his mother; that Everett resolved to make his own, and for a while he pinned it in the bosom of his shirt. He then went to Bradford's bedside; but finding him less soundly asleep than he expected, and also finding that his head lay on his pockets, he saw no certainty of securing his prize but by adding murder to robbery. He, therefore, drew Henry's sword from his scabbard, and made a blow with it at the yet sleeping Bradford: but though it wounded it did not kill, and it awoke him immediately so much as to enable him to struggle with the villain for one moment—but in vain; the next stroke was fatal, and Bradford fell back on his pillow a bleeding and insensible corpse. Everett then went back into Henry's room, and replaced the bloody sword in the scabbard.

At this moment, just as Everett had completed his purpose, and was returning to take possession of the money, Henry became restless, and talked in his sleep; which alarmed Everett so much that he dared not to stay a moment longer in either room, but returned to his own, where, having washed himself, and burnt to ashes all his linen that was bloody, he resolved to wait till he thought Henry was once more sound asleep. But on his reentering the chamber, Henry, to his great alarm, cried out, "Who's there?" and he was glad to retreat; nor could he find an opportunity of ever entering the room again, for he heard Henry walking about soon after, and found by the noise he made, that he was dressing himself.

Thus, then, had he burdened his soul with the commission of murder, without any recompence whatever; nor dared he leave the house under such circumstances, as that would ap-

pear a suspicious proceeding; and with a sinking heart, though with an assured countenance, Everett dressed himself and joined his fellow-servants.

When Henry awoke from his first deep sleep, he awoke to sleep no more that night, for with returning consciousness came the horrible recollection of the engagement he had made, to do an act which his own principles both moral and religious, utterly condemned; namely, at the risk of his own life, and that of his parents' peace, raise his arm against the existence of a fellow creature!

To a virtuous young man and an obedient pious child, like Henry, such a recollection was insupportable; and it was not long before he began to consider, whether it was or was not too late to draw back from the precipice on which he stood.

Nor did he deliberate in vain; for soon not only "consideration like an angel came, and whipped the offending spirit out of him," but salutary fear of God conquered the unworthy fear of man and man's censure; and he almost positively resolved to quit Berkshire instantly, and to leave a letter for Bradford and for his own second explaining his reasons for not fighting; and declaring his resolution, if Bradford persisted in his calumnies and his violence, to seek redress in a court of law.

Still he could not prevail on himself to do what his conscience required. Still pride and even a virtuous resentment, withheld their approbation of the meditated step; and he was sitting irresolute still (though his trunk was nearly packed, and he himself dressed all but his sword,) when the door opened, and a waiter appeared at it.

"What do you want?" said Henry.

"I am come to awake Mr. Bradford, sir, by his own desire, at five o'clock."—"Is it so late?" replied Henry. "But be so good as not to awake Mr. Bradford yet," he added in great agitation; "I have a reason for it."



"Indeed I must, sir," replied the man with a look of suspicion, "for he is a violent gentleman, and he would be angry."

"No matter, oblige me, and here is money for you," said Henry, who feared to have any communication with Bradford till his mind was made up how to act.

"I will have none of your money, sir," returned the man indignantly; for at this moment, glancing his eye towards the sword, which lay on Henry's chair, he saw the hilt was bloody, and that there was blood on the floor by it.

As soon therefore, as he had uttered these words, he ran past the astonished Henry, and entered Bradford's chamber. At sight of the scene before him, the man uttered an exclamation of horror, which made Henry follow him. But as he intercepted Henry's view of the corpse, he exclaimed, "What is the matter?"

On hearing his voice, the waiter turned round. "Do you ask what is the matter?" said he, "wretch! hypocrite!" So saying, he ran to the door of Henry's room, in spite of his detaining arm, took the key, which was inside, and then locking Henry in, went down stairs, crying "Murder!"

Amazement, speechless amazement, now took possession of Henry, which was succeeded by horror and agony as great, when on looking towards the bed, on returning into the room from his vain pursuit of the waiter, he beheld Bradford stiff and bleeding, and saw by his countenance that he was dead, either by his own hand or that of an assassin.

Surprise, pity, and consternation at once assailed and overwhelmed him, and he staggered against the wall, nearly as insensible as the bloody corpse before him; while at first no fear nor consideration for himself mingled with his feelings for Bradford. But short was the disinterested agony. The waiter's singular manner both of speaking and acting, in one alarming moment recurred to his mind, and convinced him, that the suspicion of having murdered Bradford must indubitably fall on him: and he stood pale and motionless, the image of despair, with his eyes wildly fixed on the unconscious object before him, when he heard the door unlocked, and saw every inhabitant of the inn

rushing into the apartment in disorder and alarm.

The scene needed no explanation—it explained itself. On the bed, in the inner room, lay the bleeding and now cold body of Bradford; by the side of it stood Henry, overwhelmed with such agony as could be easily mistaken for the agony of guilt; while the landlord seized the sword of Henry Woodville, and drawing it from the scabbard, held it up to view, stained to the very hilt with blood.

"My sword!" cried Henry, roused by this painful sight, "and was it done with my sword too? Then I am a lost man indeed!" And leaning against the wall, he hid his face with his hands.

It was found also that Bradford had not been robbed; and one of the gentlemen with whom he and Bradford had supped, now stooped down and took up something which glittered on the floor, and it proved to be Henry's shirt-pin, the beauty of which he had admired the preceding night. The head of this pin had been broken off in Bradford's short struggle with Everett; who, as I before stated, had pinned it on his shirt, and it now served (with the circumstance of there being no robbery) as an additional proof against the innocent Henry.

"Alas!" cried one of the gentlemen, holding it up to Henry, who had now uncovered his face, "unhappy young man, look! what an evidence is this against you!"

Henry did look—recognised his once dear ornament (the gift of his mother on his birth-day,) and turning away, he said nothing then. But when the coroner was come, and the inquest entered upon, he solemnly called on his Maker to witness his entire innocence of the murder, strong as he must own appearances to be against him.

These terrible events had succeeded each other with such excessive rapidity, that Henry felt too much bewildered, and his feelings were too much obtunded, for him to take in as yet the danger, the misery, and the necessities of his situation: but when, in consequence of the strong circumstantial evidence against him, he was committed to prison as the supposed murderer of Bradford, he was roused to the full horrors of his almost hopeless condition; but then he recollected with some comfort, that his friend and

partner was only a day's journey from him, and he was sure that he would not only hasten to him immediately, but would break the sad tidings to his beloved family.

Accordingly he begged to be allowed to write to him, and having done so, stating his entire innocence, and his confidence that Mr. Courtney would believe him innocent, he felt more easy, and resigned himself with confidence to the will and protection of that Being who "judgeth not as man judgeth."

I will not attempt to describe the feelings of Henry when the night closed in on him in the cell of his prison, and he saw himself chained, confined, and abhorred as a murderer, though innocent of even any intentional crime, except as far as having intended to meet the poor murdered Bradford in mortal combat, could be deserving of the name.

But the bitterest of all agony, and that consciousness on which he could not even bear to dwell—for there was madness in it—was the thought of what his parents, his family, and his friends would endure.

"However, I have the comfort of knowing they will not for a moment believe me guilty," said he mentally: he then betook himself to long and ardent prayer, and fell into refreshing sleep.

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*To the Editor of the Ladies' Port Folio.*

Sir,—If you think the following trifle from a little paper, published in Lexington, Kentucky, entitled *The Vinegar Creuet*, will add to the pleasing variety, usually found in your paper, you will by inserting it oblige more than one

SUBSCRIBER.

WONDERFUL!

A few evenings since, for the sake of exercise and health, I took a short walk through the country, adjoining this city on the west. I had not advanced far before my ears were saluted with a great noise. Approaching, as I thought, nearer the source from whence this noise proceeded, I perceive the sound was much more audible, and I checked my progress to ascertain, if possible, what it was, when I plainly heard a person cry out "Murder! murder! O Lord! O Lord!" Having a pistol about me, I made immediately for the place, hoping to give some assistance to the



unfortunate sufferer. What was surprising, I appeared to be within an inch of the object, and actually heard the cry of murder as plain as possible, and still I could see nothing. At length I stumbled over a piece of bark, and discovered a tick picking a briar out of an ant's toe. To hear the ant cry, "O dear doctor," and see the tick so expert in the HEALING ART, struck me with astonishment.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

#### ON LOTTERIES.

I am possessed of a moderate estate, real and personal, which with the industry and care of myself, of my wife and of my children, yields a yearly income, which enables us to add to our stock, and afford something for charitable and useful purposes. Passing over our small contributions to Bible societies, peace societies, missionary societies, and many others, I would observe, that I occasionally adventure in lotteries, in a small way. That is, when I find a lottery scheme, sanctioned by our legislature for a useful purpose, I first consider how much I can reasonably afford towards the attainment of that object. I then calculate, that when the deduction from the money, paid for the tickets, is twelve and one half per. cent, nine pence out of every dollar so paid is laid aside for the use of the lottery; and the adventurers gamble, shall I say? or, *take their chance?* for sharing in the distribution of the remainder.

When, therefore, I adventure in a lottery, I consider how much my family can reasonably afford to pay of the *per-centage*, deducted from the money paid into the lottery, for the object, intended to be promoted by it; and how much they can afford to risk of the remainder, on the doctrine of chances, as might be done in cases of insurance, bottomry, &c. and then purchase accordingly.

Although, as I said before, I occasionally adventure in this way, yet I have never found a scheme which met my

approbation. Would it not be much better for the adventures and the community to have the very great prizes, divided into smaller ones? Would not a twenty thousand dollar prize, distributed into twenty prizes, of one thousand each, be likely to confer much more happiness in the distribution, and be more beneficial to society?

It is true, that when a man, already worth one, two, or more hundred thousand dollars, draws a high prize, it makes but little alteration in his feelings or conduct; but when one in low circumstances is thus successful, it very frequently, if not generally proves rather a disadvantage, than a benefit to him, by leading him to depend entirely on "the fickle goddess," and to prove the truth of the old saying "light come light go."

Now, I would respectfully ask the managers of lotteries, whether it would not be advisable to try a scheme in some of the lotteries, now sanctioned by law, where there should be no prize, higher than one thousand dollars, and but few so high. This would enable them to distribute many of from five hundred down to one hundred, which, in these hard times, would be a great accommodation to a poor person, and not unacceptable to the rich.

I know not how my scheme will strike my readers, but for myself, I would rather have twenty chances to draw a prize of one thousand dollars, than one chance to draw a prize of twenty thousand.

MODERATUS.

#### TURKS AND WINE.

The last Grand Turk died of excess of wine, for he had at one time swallowed three and thirty okes, which is a measure near upon the bigness of our quart; and that which brought him to this was the company of a Persian lord, that had given him his daughter for a present, and came with him from Bagdat: besides, one accident that happened to him was,

that he had an eunuch who was used to be drunk, and whom he had commanded twice upon pain of life to refrain, swearing by Mahomet that he would cause him to be strangled if he found him the third time so: yet the eunuch still continued in his drunkenness. Hereupon the Turks conceiving with himself that there must needs be some extraordinary delight in drunkenness, because this man preferred it before his life, fell to it himself, and so drank himself to death.

#### EARLY RISING.

The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, amounts to 20,200 hours, or 8 years 121 days, and 16 hours, which will afford 8 hours a day for exactly 10 years; so that it is the same as if 10 years of life were added, in which we could command 8 hours every day for the cultivation of our minds, &c.

#### CANINE SAGACITY.

Lately a lady going over Lansdown, was overtaken by a large dog, which had left two men that were travelling the same road with a horse and cart, and followed by the animal for some distance, the creature endeavouring to make her sensible of something, by looking in her face, and then pointing with his nose behind. The lady became rather alarmed; but judging from the manner of the dog, who did not appear vicious, there was something which engaged his attention, she examined her dress, and found that her lace shawl was gone. The dog, perceiving that he was at length understood, immediately turned back; the lady followed him, and he conducted her to the spot where the shawl lay—some distance back in the road.

On her taking it up, and replacing it on her person, the interesting quadruped instantly ran off at full speed after his master, apparently much delighted!

It is a sure sign of a bad heart, when young folks are suspicious; for not having had opportunities of gaining experience, they naturally draw their comparisons from self, and judge in others according to what they find in themselves.



## MISCELLANY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## THE DUEL.

A TALE.

The custom of duelling, now so prevalent, has long been considered as one of the most criminal and even foolish that ever disgraced a nation. But although abhorred by all the good, by all the truly great, yet does it increase to a most alarming degree; and though the laws of this country forbid it, the magistrates wink at it, and the survivor suffers no inconvenience, from having murdered, yes, murdered the man, who perhaps a week, or it may be, a day before, he had regarded as a friend.

He is left to his own conscience, to his own feelings, and if he possesses in the smallest degree those of humanity, they must render him most wretched, when he thinks of the fond wife, from whom he has torn her friend and protector, or of those children, whom he has robbed of a father; all too, for some little pique, some word dropped in the heat of passion.

Ought these things so to be? Is there no way of preventing the contagion from spreading? (God forbid, that it should continue its ravages!) Let the magistrates do their duty, whoever may be the offender—not because he may be a “mighty man of war,” or one whom the nation hath “delighted to honour,” should he be suffered to escape with impunity. No! his example is infinitely more pernicious than that of a private citizen. To see those, whom our children have been taught to look up to as examples for them to follow, rioting in the blood of their countrymen, is to see them fall from the height of their glory to the depth of ignominy.

Duellist! what is your opinion? To see one whom you have respected, even loved, though now he may have incurred your displeasure—to see him standing with undaunted front before you, you who are ready, like a butcher, to take cool, deliberate aim at him: surely you, or indeed, any rational being must confess 'tis “murder most foul.”

Say not, 'tis honour urges you on; for, but think a moment, and you must own, 'tis fear—the fear of being thought by the vulgar, a coward. Can

it be honour, to rend asunder the dearest ties? to bid the widow mourn, the orphan weep? If not, wherein consists the honour? O honour, honour! how art thou perverted. He who in a hasty quarrel kills a man, is hanged for it, but he, who meditates upon the deed for weeks—who goes into the field determined to despatch the father, the husband, he is suffered to go clear, or as I said before, is left to his conscience. And can he have a conscience? Remember, duellist! there is a God in heaven, an impartial judge.

For many years there dwelt in Boston, a family of the name of Ronald, who were thought to be immensely rich, till the death of Mr. Ronald, when his property was found to be mortgaged for more than half its value. His two sons, Rodolph and Frederick, had been brought up in the expectation of possessing great fortunes when they arrived at age. Thus disappointed, they had no alternative, but to enter into the service of their country.

Rodolph had a predilection for the sea: and his friends obtained a midshipman's warrant for him, and he entered on board a sloop of war destined up the Mediterranean.

Frederick, went to West Point Academy, and during the troubles in the Spanish Provinces entered the patriot service with the rank of Lieutenant of cavalry. Having acquitted himself with great bravery in a number of engagements, he was appointed to the command of a regiment, and received the title of “Don Frederico of the Ford,” from his having dislodged a party of the enemy from one of their strong holds, by fording a river. The state of the country was such as to prevent his corresponding with Rodolph, and ten years passed without either beholding or hearing from the other.

The vessel, in which Rodolph sailed, was wrecked, and he was captured by the Algerines, and kept in close confinement for a number of years.

At length he was liberated, and returned home, and after some time spent in the service, was promoted to be Lieutenant on board one of the United States' vessels.

He was again wrecked, and on his voyage homeward, in a merchant-ship, which had picked him and several of the crew off the wreck, they were taken by Lord Cochrane's fleet, and sent into Valparaiso, where Don Frederico now commanded. As he was viewing the prisoners Rodolph hailed him with the title of robber and pirate.

How true it was that the privateers fitted out in their ports were manned with those, who deserved no better name, we shall not pretend to say; but it was not surely wise in Rodolph to cast it into his teeth, who had him so much in his power. But he had never been taught to curb his temper.

How the high-spirited Don Frederico bore this may easily be supposed: after a few words, he ordered Rodolph to be freed from his irons, and put a sword into his hand, which was eagerly accepted. They fought; both were expert fencers; and after a long trial of skill, Rodolph received the point of his cooler opponent's sword and fell. As he fell he cried, “O Rodolph, Rodolph, what will become of your Emma?”

A sudden conviction rushed like lightning through Frederick's brain. “O God!” he cried, “art thou indeed my brother; and do we meet in death? Is thy name Ronald? Speak! for Heaven's sake, speak!” Rodolph raised himself, as if to answer, but a rattling in his throat prevented him; he took the hand of Frederick, pressed it to his lips and died. Frederick hastily snatched some papers from his brother's pocket, and found the name of Ronald there. “O, I have murdered my brother,” he cried, and fell dead on his body.

J. Q. V.



FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## THE DESULTORY CONTRIBUTOR.

## NO. IV.

"The Imagination gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream  
of love,  
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he —  
Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades."

Let it not be imagined, my fair readers, that 'Squire Rippleton, though still a bachelor, is indifferent to female beauty, or insensible to female charms. Indeed could you but know the private history of my life, you would doubtless exclaim, that I have been too sensible of that power, whose influence has laid prostrate the wisest of statesmen, and the bravest of generals—that power which has caused the downfall of more than one nation.

The unfortunate circumstance of my continuing in a state of "single blessedness" is not my fault. I would just inform you, that for more than twelve long months, have I vigorously besieged the formidable castle of Primrose, and times without number, have my aids-de camp been expressly dispatched with honorable terms of capitulation; yet as many times have they returned with this laconic reply: "I, sir, am not quite ready." This you must think is very provoking to me, notwithstanding my great patience and cool deliberateness.

Though my forces, when embodied, are sufficient at a moment's warning to raze the very foundation of the castle, yet I am determined to avoid such an extremity, as long as is possible; for I had much rather persuade and convince, than to enforce; believing that between two armies a mutual consent to lay down arms, prevent bloodshed, and to come to an éclaircissement is much more honorable to both parties, than to decide the contest at the point of the bayonet.

A regular correspondence is kept up between myself and the commandress of Castle Primrose, and that nothing should be wanting to produce

a rapid termination of the present campaign, I have united with my own corps-de-reserve a detachment of Pope's "light militia of the lower sky," who, when so ordered, act as a scouting party, to watch the movements of the enemy, and to let fly a shower of arrows at the pericardium of the commandress, whenever she appears on the battlements. Should this plan succeed in the present campaign and terms of capitulation and surrender be made, such as the commandress ought to offer and I to receive, it is probable the publick, whose anxiety must be great, will be immediately informed of it. If this war terminates as I hope it will, I then with drums beating, and colours flying shall march my whole forces rank and file into the redoubtable castle of Primrose, and take full possession of it with all its wealth and privileges.

I would merely mention *en passant*, that should I be driven to the necessity of making an irresistible attack, I have already a sufficient number of scaling ladders to mount the ramparts, and sword in hand can put down all opposition. In fact it would be a very easy matter for me to surround the castle and cut off from its inhabitants, all kinds of provision. Having made use of terms militaire, to give a reason why I do so, I make this observation, that it is entirely owing to the circumstance of my being promoted from the humble rank of a private to that of a dignified ensign, in one of the best militia companies in the whole county of Middlesex.

## TRAVELLERS.

Defend me, good heaven! from those descriptive travellers who carry a telescope and a pencil in their hands, and will not let the most insignificant object escape their observation, but weary one with a minute detail of the altitude, dimensions, nature, properties, and colour, of every thing they meet with, until one is absolutely surfeited by their impertinence and

insipidity; nor is it more desirable to listen to the complaints of those discontented travellers, who never find any thing pleasant or comfortable out of their own country, who find fault even with the sky of Naples, the view of Constantinople, the monuments of Rome, the society of Paris, and the place where he happens to be is always the vilest corner of the earth.

Sterne has been the father of a numerous family of travellers, almost as annoying as these—I mean the Sentimentalists, who run all over the world with tears in their eyes. The name of a cottage, a water-fall, or a fertile valley, throws them into raptures; while the sufferings of an oyster clinging to its native rock, fills them with anguish indescribable.

The most common and inoffensive sort of travellers are those mechanical beings, who suffer themselves to be transported, with their portmantaus, from place to place, scarcely sensible of the change, who are pleased with every thing they see, believe every thing they hear, and having once quitted a place can hardly tell you what they did see, or hear while there.

## SAVE THE PIECES.

I recollect when very young, my father gave me some cloth to carry to the taylor's, to make a suit of clothes, and my mother, just as I went out of the door, laid a strict injunction upon me, to tell the taylor to *save the pieces*. In due time, when my clothes wanted mending, my mother wanted the pieces, but the pieces could not be found, upon which, we had a strong lecture upon the useful practice of *saving the pieces*. This lesson was so often repeated during my youth, as to make an indelible impression on my mind, so as I grew up, I was pretty careful to *save the pieces*; and this disposition led me into the habit of looking round among my neighbours to see if they also were equally careful to *save the pieces*. We live now, Mr. Printer, at the sign of the *Case-is-altered*, and it becomes the duty of every one that is desirous of avoiding ruin, to *save the pieces*. Every body appears to be thoroughly convinced of this necessity, at least as far as talking goes—but many having been for years in the habit of throwing them away, make very awkward attempts of *saving the pieces*. When I see a family drinking rye col-



see for breakfast, and Madeira wine, at six dollars per gallon, at dinner, these people, thinks I, don't understand *saving the pieces*.

When I see the young ladies tripping along Chesnut street, tricked out in silks, and ruffles, and flounces, and furbelows, and I can't tell what, their mothers, thinks I, had better keep them at home, and teach them to *save the pieces*. When I see half a dozen Dandies, with high heeled boots, and snipe-tailed coats, mincing along arm in arm, like so many petit maitres, these chaps, says I, will never know any thing about *the pieces*. And, when I heard a young lady just behind them, declare her shawl was monstrous cheap, it cost only eighty dollars, thinks I, if these parties should ever intermarry, what fine work they will make at *saving the pieces*. And, when I read a few days ago, that eleven hundred and sixty-five dollars were spent in one night at the Theatre, I am afraid, says I, notwithstanding their professions, some people are averse to *saving the pieces*. The other day I went to see neighbour Thrifty; his wife was up to the elbows in flour; she was making bread. Neighbour Square Toes, says she, "House keepers are not generally aware of the great saving there is in using flour, in preference to animal food; and the children greatly prefer pies and puddings, and now and then a sweetened loaf, and besides being cheaper, its much more wholesome. Wheat flour at the present price, is only about two cents and a half, and rye flour only about one cent and a half per pound, and this too without bones—no bones in flour, neighbour Square Toes; while for butcher's meat, we must pay from six to twelve cents per pound, bones and all!" This woman, said I, understands *saving the pieces*. In fact, Mr. Printer, we must no longer puzzle our brains with contriving how to get money by head work and speculation, but we must apply the shoulder to the wheel with all the energy in our power, as the only means now left us of *saving the pieces*.

#### CRIMINAL COMPLAISANCE.

A late English traveller, visiting Philadelphia, and observing several prisoners at the bars of the lower room in the House of Correction, says, he enquired of an old German, what might generally be their offen-

ces, "They have been," said he, "most of them speculating too much." It seemed hard thus to punish men for the ingenious use of their wits, so I begged a further explanation: they had been forging bank notes! This delicate definition reminded me of a farmer at Watertown with whom we fell upon the subject of English deserters: "We don't want them here," said he, "they are too familiar by half." Now, though I could readily believe of these my countrymen, that bashfulness had no part in them, it seemed an odd ground of complaint for a Yankee; so I repeated something wonderingly, "Too familiar!" "Aye," rejoined he, "they steal every thing they can lay their hands upon!"

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

#### A FACT.

While we are, importing, "in bales and hogsheads," a' the wa' from Scotland, the tales of their "border wars," embellished with all the colouring, that the poet and novelist can bestow, some of us are totally ignorant, or entirely regardless of the many, very many, no less interesting events, which occurred, during our revolutionary war. Among others, the following is deemed worthy of record; and I see not, why it may not form a foundation, for some future poet, novelist, or playwright, native or imported, on which may be built a poem, novel, or play, equal to several others, which might be named.

The writer of this was personally acquainted with a man, who was born in England, left his parents, while a lad, without their knowledge or consent, and came to this country. He resided in the neighbourhood of Boston, when the revolutionary war commenced; and considering this his country by adoption, he took up arms in her defence, and was present at the capture of General Burgoyne.

Immediately after the surrender of the British forces, he was sent by an American officer with a message to an officer of the conquered party.

On entering the quarters of the British officer and delivering the message, he was not a little surprized at hearing a British soldier called by the same surname, as his own. They went out together to complete the object of the message, and soon discovered that they were brothers. The reader may imagine their feelings on this occasion.

They obtained leave to sleep together in the same tent that night, and eventually both settled and married in this country, were both living within a few years past, and the writer has not heard of the death of either.

AMERICUS.

#### MR. CURRAN.

One day after the celebrated debate on the Irish Union, setting his watch at the post office, Dublin, which was opposite the parliament house, when a noble lord who had voted for the union, said to him with unblushing jocularly, "Curran, what do they mean to do with that useless building, for my part I hate even the sight of it?" "I do not wonder at it, my lord," replied Curran, "I never yet heard of a murderer, who was not afraid of a ghost."

#### PETER THE GREAT.

Peter the Great having directed the translation of "Puffendorff's Introduction to the Knowledge of the States of Europe" into the Russian language, a monk, to whom this translation was committed, presented it to the Emperor when finished, who, turning over the leaves, exclaimed with an indignant air, "Fool! what did I order you to do? is this a translation?" Then referring to the original he shewed him a paragraph in which the author had spoken with great asperity of the Russians, but the translator had omitted it. "Go instantly," said the Czar, "and execute my orders rigidly. It is not to flatter my subjects that I have this book translated and printed, but to instruct and reform them."

To preserve independence, and consequently integrity, economy is necessary, in all stations.



## MONTGOMERY'S POEMS.

We notice, with particular pleasure, proposals by Leonard C. Bowles, No. 59, Cornhill, Boston, for publishing by subscription an elegant edition of *Montgomery's Poems*, containing *The Wanderer of Switzerland*, *West Indies*, *World before the Flood*, *Greenland*, and other poems, with a Biographical Sketch of the author.

"The various qualifications essential to poetry are to be found in the Poems of Montgomery—richness of fancy, strength and splendour of imagination, bold and appropriate metaphor, great vigour of thought, and grace and fervour of expression: they have a smooth, harmonious flow of versification, united with great tenderness and feeling: his cadences and his pauses are peculiarly his own; so likewise are the general tone and colouring that pervade them. His strains have but little similitude to those of any other poet, one alone excepted: sometimes he has borrowed the harp of Collins, whose spirit, breathing upon its strings, makes melancholy music."

The work will be comprized in two volumes, of about three hundred pages each, embellished with plates, printed on a fine paper and good type, and delivered to subscribers at \$1 pr. vol. in sheep binding, 1,25 calf, elegant. From the specimen of the work annexed to the proposals, we feel authorized to say, that it will meet the expectations, wishes and approbation of its patrons.

## BOSTON,

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1820.

On Thursday last, *Michael Powers* was tried before Judge Parker, Thacher and Jackson for the murder of Timothy Kennedy. The evidence against him was as strong and convincing, as it is possible for circumstantial evidence to be. At a quarter past eight o'clock, in the evening, the chief justice closed the charge to the jury, who retired, and in about twenty

minutes returned with a verdict of guilty.

The prisoner exhibited an appearance of great firmness during the trial; but it was evident to those, who watched his countenance narrowly, that he struggled hard to keep up this appearance. Sentence of death was passed on him on Wednesday forenoon, which, we understand he received with apparent indifference, and made some insulting observations to the court.

Since the apprehension of Powars for the murder of Kennedy, many well founded conjectures have been made, that he has perpetrated many other crimes, in this place, of equal atrocity. Whether or not he will confess any thing more than the murder of Kennedy, and the justice of his sentence, which he has already done, we have not yet been able to ascertain. His trial is published and for sale in this town.

## RECENT OCCURRENCES.

*Providence, April 10th.* Attempts have often been made by our neighbours to make Providence a sort of *Gretna Green*, for illicit marriages. On Friday, a foreigner arrived in town from Boston, with a young lady about 15 whom he had enticed to elope from her parents under pretence of a matrimonial connexion. The afflicted parents immediately pursued the fugitives, discovered them here, and defeated the design of the seducer.

The supreme Judicial Court at Concord completed their Spring Term on Wednesday last—present Chief Justice Parker, and Associate Judges Jackson and Wilde.

At this term the following persons were sentenced to the State Prison, for breaking into the Framingham and Hopkinton Cotton Manufactory. David Jonah, to seven days solitary, and seven years confinement to hard labor. Two other persons accomplices, to six days solitary, and six years confinement to hard labour.

Luther Ellis, for Larceny, three days solitary, and two years hard labour in the common jail.

Curtis Phipps, larceny, two days solitary, and two years confinement to hard labour in the common jail.

Wm. Moore, larceny, eight months hard labor.

An interior paper states that a Mr. Budlong saved his wife, child, and sister, who had fallen through the ice on the St. Lawrence, by diving three times to the bottom in 14 feet water—and the last time came up under the ice but regained the opening.

On the 2d inst. a man named Murphy, who resided at Fredericktown, was shot on the highway and robbed, about nineteen miles from Baltimore. A young man of respectable connexions was taken up on suspicion, and believed, from circumstances, to be the villain. No hopes are entertained of Murphy's recovery.

Joseph Mason, accused of the murder of William Farroll, in New-York, has been committed for trial.

## THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

Monday, April 10.

Curfew.—Valentine and Orson.

Wednesday, April 12:

Columbus.—American Tar.—Ella Rosenberg.

Friday April 14.

Brutus.—Is he jealous.—Animal Magnetism.

## MARRIED,

In this town;—Mr. Samuel Stevens, to Miss Mary M. Etheridge.

Mr. Avery Coy, to Miss Susan B. Reed.

Mr. Charles Kirk, to Miss Mehitabel Moore.

Mr. Joshua Phippen to Miss Eliza H. Howard.

Mr. Augustus Peverelly to Miss Susan Chapouil.

Mr. Edward Erving, to Miss Harriet Miller.

Mr. William Johnson, to Miss Susan C. Wood.

Major Benjamin Varnum, to Miss Caroline Bradford.

Mr. Joseph H. Eayers, to Miss Mary C. Barry.

In Medford, Mr. Hezekiah Blanchard, of this town, to Miss Charlotte Porter.

## DIED,

In the Havanna, Jesse Mayo, Esq. 49.

In this town,—Mr. Robert McCartney, aged 41.

Louza A. Bowman, 15 months.

Josiah Stone, 18 months.

Capt. William B. Simpson.

S. B. Goodnow, 4 months.

Miss Mary Howard, 19.

Miss Mary Ann Gould, 15.



## POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## TRIBUTE

To the memory of

MISS ELIZA KINGSBURY,

Who died in Needham, Massachusetts,

March 18, 1820,

Aged 17.

*A happy example of early piety.*

As some fair bud at early morn is seen,  
With vestal bloom its beauteous form unfolding,

Ere night's approach, 'tis scatter'd o'er the green,

Each passer-by with grief its fate beholding.

So she, a bud of promise, lately bloom'd,  
Religion's fragrant sweets around bestowing;

But death's rude wind an early victim doom'd

The form, so late with health and beauty glowing.

When fatal hectic seiz'd her languid frame,  
And anxious friends around her couch were weeping,

Her faith was resting on a Saviour's name,  
And angel guards an holy watch were keeping.

And now the willow o'er her early tomb,  
As if in grief its drooping form is bending;  
And nature's fairest flowers in living bloom,  
Beneath its shade their choicest sweets are blending.

And there, where silent wrapp'd in kindred dust,  
Beneath the turf her lov'd remains are sleeping,

Do unseen spirits watch the sacred trust,  
And sighing winds the harp of grief are sweeping.

But her rapt spirit sought its native skies,  
And to "God's harp" seraphic strains is singing;

While angel notes in songs of welcome rise,  
And saints to love their golden lyres are stringing.

J. B.

## CUPID'S ARMOURY.

*To the tune of "Green Sleeves."*

Ye lads and ye lasses, who ogle your glasses,  
And make yourselves lovely as angels above;  
I'll shew you a sight, which all others surpasses,

And give you a peep at the weapons of love.  
Walk in! walk in!

For Cupid is killing the maids who are willing  
To die of his comical wounds for a season;  
He'll give you a lesson on cooing and billing,  
Which would bother your grandmothers out  
of their reason.

Walk in! walk in!

And dismiss from your fancies your odes and  
romances;

Your fairy tales, novels, and such kind of  
stuff;

Your sonnets and poems, and extravagancies,  
If he hits you you'll soon have amusement  
enough.

Walk in! walk in!

Some he wounds with a dimple, or a patch on  
a pimple,

Or a neat little beauty spot, set like a trap;  
Wise looks for the sage, pretty smiles for the  
simple;

The curl of the hair or the cut of a cap.

Walk in! walk in!

He tells the young misses that love a great  
bliss is;

Then cuts in at cards with the mouldy old  
maids;

Gives the diamonds and hearts to the girls  
whom he kisses,

But deals to the tabbies the clubs and the  
spades.

Walk in! walk in!

And oft while he's filling their hearts with  
quadrilling,

Hits their hearts and their shins with the  
very same caper;

Makes a hole in their bosoms as big as a shilling,  
And as plain as a blot on a sheet of white  
paper.

Walk in! walk in!

He throws at the ninnies a handful of guineas,  
Who think love can be best confined in a  
purse;

To the witty his arrow as sharp as a pin is,  
Though polished and smooth as my own  
pretty verse.

Walk in! walk in!

He sometimes in frolic, with aim diabolic,  
Lights up a new flame in a widower's heart,  
Who wishes to think it a fit of the choleric,  
And physics and bleeds to get quit of the  
smart.

Walk out! walk out!

For the sly little wizzard shoots right at my  
gizz

And through waiscoat and shirt he has  
made an impression;

'Tis a downright assault, and, my Cupid, it is  
hard,

But I'll have you bound over to next quar-  
ter session.

Walk out! walk out!

Greenwich, Eng. Feb. 1820.

J. B.

## TO THE MEMORY OF

J. P. PALM.

Bookseller of Nuremberg,

Who was shot, by sentence of a Court

Martial at Brannan.

BY J. LEE LEWES.

If a wish o'er the mandate of fate could pre-  
vail,

If the heart to the goal of its glory could fly,  
If the bosom the scene of its rapture could  
hail,

Like thee would it triumph, like thee would  
it die.

'Tis lovely to gaze on the banner-spread plain,  
When the war-blast of freedom bursts wild on  
the soul;

When the dirges of death are awaiting the  
slain,

Whose arms taught the vengeance of freedom  
to roll!

'Tis proud in the battle to mix with the  
brave;

O'er the tombs of our sires, with their spirits  
to glow;

To rush where the faulchions of victory  
wave,

Or fiercely to grapple in death with the foe!

Yet prouder thy doom, though no anthem  
arose,

Tho' thy limbs with the felon's dark fetters  
were bound;

No breathing of mercy to whisper repose,  
No forms but the daemons of murder around.

The tyrant in carnage his faulchion may  
steep;

His spirit may drink of ambition's mad bowl;  
His soul on the death-scene of thousands may  
sleep,

Nor hear the gaunt wolf 'midst the slaughter-  
field howl.

But the blood of a Patriot—shall never de-  
part;

And Freedom her martyr exulting shall own,  
The curse of his destiny withers a heart,

And the knell to the peace of a soul, is his  
groan!